

LEFT SIDE

Recently received here at ye desk is a copy of the Liberated Guardian, newer and fresher version of the old National Guardian that has been struck by the workers who did not like the capitalistic tactics handed out by a paper that is supposed to be radical. The striking workers who have lined up in Printers Industrial Union 140 are publishing the Liberated Guardian, and the IWW label and preamble are prominently displayed on the inner page of the paper. The new paper sells for 25¢ a copy, a year's sub is \$10, and donations are welcome any time. The address is Guardian Workers Collective, 14 Cooper Square, New York City 10003.

A couple of weeks ago there was a big free rock concert held in the vicinity of your scribe. The large lawn adjoining a new college building was filled with young people who would more or less fit the description of "hippie". Despite the fact that yours truly is safely over 30, he had to go see what was going on. While on route I was listening to the comments of the neighbors who were upset because a mob of "dirty bums" were taking over their neighborhood. As for myself I couldn't see anything so sinister about a gang of kids having a good time listening to the type of music they like. Besides, there was a true atmosphere of old country festival to it.

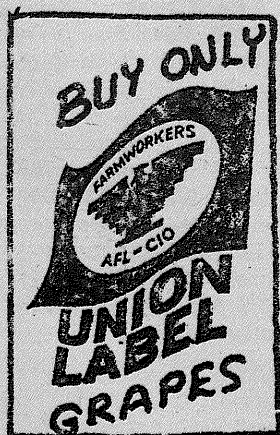
On the distaff side was the fact that it was sponsored by a large religious university, perhaps with the intent to woo the youthful element away from social protest. Cops were conspicuous by their absence, but it only helped to prove that a large group of people can assemble and maintain an orderly gathering despite what some die-hards would look upon as a mob of disheveled hippies.

The amplified rock music blared out over the neighborhood until five o'clock the next morning, and there were no serious mishaps or necessity to call out the constabulary. Ironically that same week the American Indian Tent City behind the Cubs Stadium was raided by the cops because someone complained that the drumming and singing that was going on there was disturbing the peace. That was ten o'clock on a Sunday night without amplification. Seems this is still pretty much a racist society.

Meanwhile comedian Dick Gregory tells us the dope and heroin problem is not going to be solved, as "The heroin man could not survive without both the consent and the co-operation of the cop and the politician...."

Elgin Watch Company had dreamed up what they thought was a cute advertising gimmick — that revolutionary Emiliano Zapata had served notice to the effect that any American railroad employees who were not sporting Elgin watches "would be shot for concealing valuable property". Elgin soon withdrew this ad, as Chicanos all over were bearing down on the newspapers that carried this ad. Something is happening to the American sense of humor of late.

Don't take any wooden knuckles.



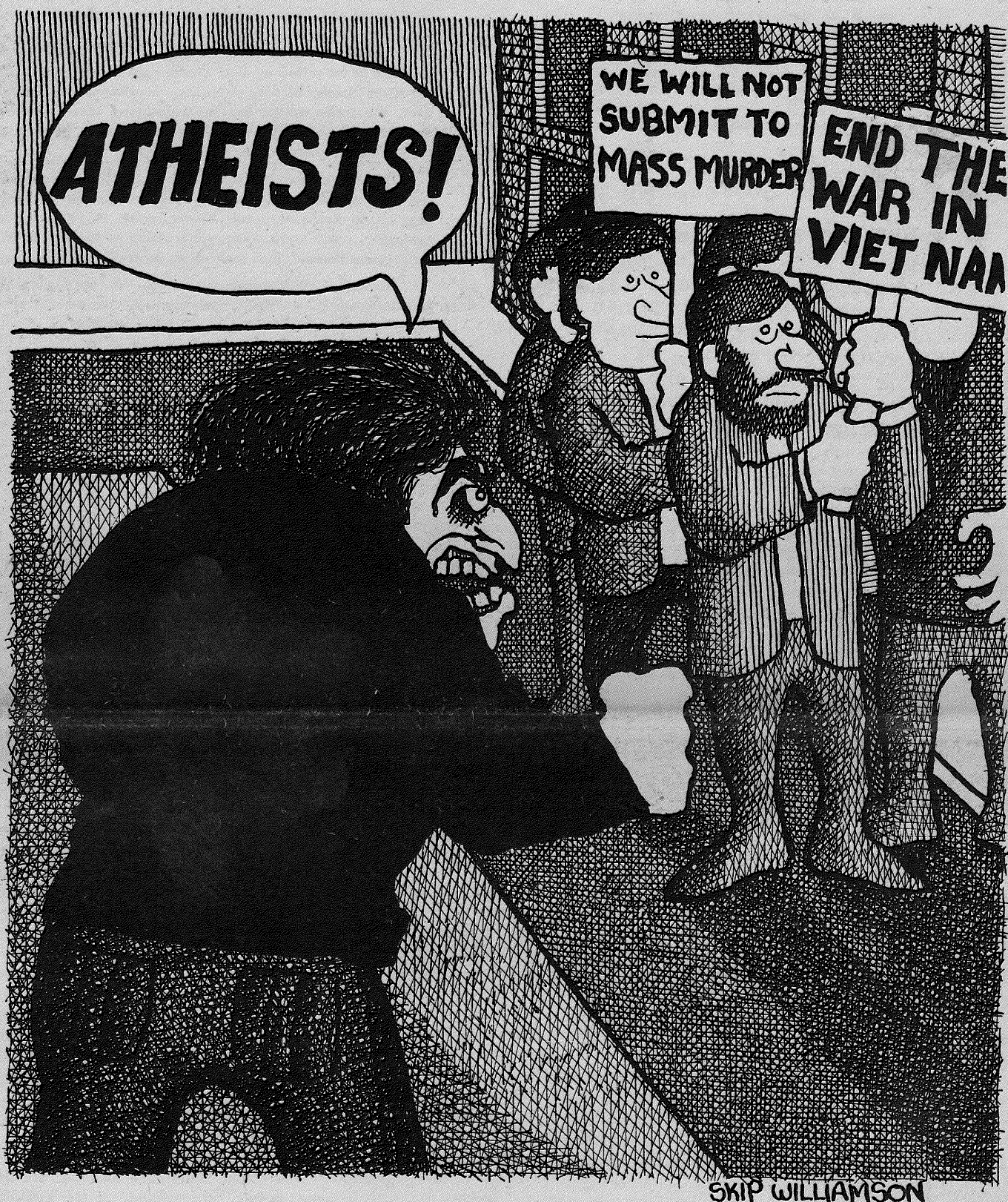
Industrial Worker

LABOR PRODUCES ALL WEALTH
ORGANIZATION EDUCATION EMANCIPATION
AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

VOLUME 67, NUMBER 7 — W.N. 1288

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS JULY 1970

10 CENTS



THE SYSTEM IS VULNERABLE

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Wild Cats Make Bell's Ears Ring

Three quarters of a 12,000-man work force at New York City Bell Telephone has gone out on an intermittent wildcat strike since May 8.

The strikers, almost all Black and Puerto Rican women workers, walked out when the company offered a raise of \$11 a week starting salary for new operators, with \$3.50 more in August, while people with many years' service would get only a \$4 raise.

On May 13, 75 women from several New York Women's Liberation groups joined their sisters on the picket lines, in addition to contributing money and doing leaflet and placard printing in a show of solidarity.

The Telephone Transit Union (TTU) lost no time in declaring the walkout illegal, joining their voices with that of the company. The women are all members of this union.

By mid-May the switchboards were being run by the management — mostly white males — while the picketing and chanting continued on the outside. Most of the strikers say they will stay out until all demands are met.

Anyone who is interested in learning more about this action can contact these women directly by writing to: Phone Workers, Women's Center, 36 West 22nd Street, New York City. There is also a phone number (212-691-1860) which will put you in touch with local women's support groups.

"An Injury to One Is an Injury to All" • One Union • One Label • One Enemy



INDUSTRIAL WORKER

Official Organ of The Industrial Workers of the World

Owned and Issued Monthly By
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

2440 Lincoln Ave. Chicago, Illinois, 60614 Phone: LI 9-5045

Second-Class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois
Editorial and Business Offices of the Industrial Worker are at
2440 Lincoln Ave. Chicago, Ill., 60614

SUBSCRIPTION RATES No Paid or Commercial Advertising
36 issues \$6.00 accepted.
24 issues \$4.00 Make all Remittances payable to
12 issues \$2.00 "INDUSTRIAL WORKER"

Carlos Cortéz, Editor

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W. H. Westman, Business Manager

It should be understood by members and others who read this paper that it is the policy of the I.W.W. to designate as OFFICIAL any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. Anything not so designated is not official. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals or individual writing or editing the same.

Attention, Field Correspondents!

The deadline for the August issue of The Industrial Worker shall be July 15.

All copy intended for the July issue should be in this office by that date. To further expedite the editing of this organ and avoid confusion, all copy intended for publication should be addressed to the editor of the Industrial Worker.

-The Editor

GOOD EARTH, BETTER PEOPLE

A bold approach to the equality of man on earth would be a greater boon to the race than landing a few men on the moon. We try here, in our poor human way, to produce more food for the majority of us who do not have enough to eat.

We have vast areas of fertile soil, not yet occupied by man, that could be made to yield bounteous crops of life-sustaining food-stuffs for many generations of earth dwellers.

Moon-soil is exceedingly infertile, according to recent reports from that inhospitable place. Water seems to be very scarce, too, while we have oceans of it here. We need only learn how to purify it in large quantities and then splash it on the land and make the prairies and deserts bloom with crops and people.

We want more people right here on earth, better ones, of course, people well informed regarding the social inequalities presently burdening the weaker members of society.

Man and Nature seem to be in general agreement that the earth is a globe of land and water intended to be inhabited by thinking creatures called human.

Many of us even like it here, regardless of the wars and famines and pestilences that decimate our ranks so frequently. We have learned how to accommodate ourselves to the will of Nature and shall eventually get along with our own kind, but only on an earthly basis, not a celestial one.

Some of us have the arresting thought that equality and brotherhood are terminological affinities. The ideas thus presenting themselves for our consideration create problems that cannot be solved by seeking their solution in the heavens above. The Man in the Moon is not our god. Hath he not the cold and vacant look of a capitalist? Are they not, indeed, kindred spirits well met in alien space?

—J. F. McDaniels

THANKS, FW GANCS!

Louis Gancs, who has been with the IWW for 53 years now, sends the IWW papers to show that he has established a \$5,000 trust fund for it just before taking a trip abroad. He writes:

"Having arrived at the twilight of my life as an iron moulder and coal miner, I have no desire to retire from the ranks of those fighting for Industrial Freedom, nor to be classified as an outworn veteran."

He has put \$5,000 of his hard-earned savings into a 10-year deposit in a Cleveland bank, interest to be paid yearly to the IWW, and any papers covering use of the fund or its final disposition in 1980 to be signed by two designated Fellow Workers, who are to assure that it is used for the sort of purpose Fellow Worker Gancs has held close to his heart.

He adds: "Perhaps there are others in similar circumstances who could afford to help enhance this fund"—or do something similar in the way they find most advisable.

Auf Wiedersehen, HANS NIEBUHR

Hans Niebuhr, who sailed the Seven Seas for a livelihood, recently passed away at the age of 70. In his lifespan he accumulated a little nest egg, and before he passed over the great divide—having been a reader of the Industrial Worker for many years—he instructed Fellow Worker Oscar Sokol, executor of his estate, to donate \$600 to the IW to help it carry on with its educational work among the world's workers.

The staff of the IW is very grateful for this generous donation to help in its work of educating the world's workers to bring about a better world for all of mankind.

W. H.

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

WOB LITERATURE WANTED IN ONTARIO

The Mills Memorial Library of McMaster University at Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, which already houses the collections of such activists and critics as Lord Bertrand Russell and Samuel Beckett, is acquiring materials for a permanent collection on peace and revolution. The collection is intended to cover a worldwide scope of radical and revolutionary activity and is intended to duplicate parts of the collections housed elsewhere for convenience of reference. It is hoped that it will provide the most complete documentation of its kind.

IWW member C. J. Hinke, who last year donated his large peace movement collection to start the McMaster array, is presently involved in the continuous process of receiving radical publications and donated materials, as well as doing his own documentation, counseling, and correspondence. Radical literature for research is being sought in English, French, and other languages.

FW Hinke feels that the OBU should be better represented as the radical union of this century, and especially would like to solicit some of the materials of older vintage from fellow Wobblies. There are many gaps in the collection at present, so a great many materials are still needed.

The FW requests that donations be processed through him so that a record may be kept of them and copies may be forwarded to IWW Headquarters for our archives. All publications not contained in the IWW archives will be forwarded as well. A record will be kept and credit will be given to all persons donating to the collection. Unfortunately compensation for these materials is unlikely, but FW Hinke adds that you will receive warm personal thanks. The address: C. J. Hinke, 26 Hounslow Avenue, Willowdale 444, Ontario, Canada.



BERKELEY: See Oakland-Berkeley

BUFFALO: Write to IWW Delegate Henry Pfaff, 77 Eckhart Street, Buffalo, New York 14207 or through Peace and Freedom, 507 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14222 (716-884-0426).

CHICAGO: Chicago Branch general membership meetings are now being held on the first Friday of the month at 2440 North Lincoln (LI 9-5045). Lionel Bottari is the Branch Secretary.

DENVER: Write to Delegate Gary Cox, 7126 Inca Way, Denver, Colorado 80221. Drop around and help organize a mile-high branch.

DULUTH: Write to IWW Stationary Delegate Patrick J. McMillen, Post Office Box 559 (55801), or phone Pat (727-3154) after 7 p.m. for an appointment.

HOUSTON: Robert (Blackie) Vaughan is Acting Secretary of the Houston I. U. 510 Branch. All communications intended for the Branch should be addressed to him at 7505 Navigation Boulevard (77011).

ITHACA: Stationary Delegate Bill Siebert can be reached at the Glad Day Press, 308 Stewart Avenue (phone 607-273-0535 or 273-1899).

LAWRENCE: The Stationary Delegate is John Wismiller, 1301 Louisiana, Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Telephone: 842-5701.

LOS ANGELES: Phone Dorice McDaniels (OR 7-8397), Van Nuys area: Srafsprint Co-op, E.W.I.U. #620, 14133 Gilmore Street, Van Nuys, California 91901. Phone: (781-7589) or (782-6185) Dan Family, Job Delegate.

NEW HAVEN: Write to IWW, Box 1615, New Haven, Connecticut 06506.

NEW YORK: For delegate service and information, phone Bill Goring (749-6465).

OAKLAND - BERKELEY: Richard Ellington is now secretary of the Oakland-Berkeley Branch. Address all communications and such to him at 6448 Irwin Court, Oakland 94609. Phone: 658-0293.

PHILADELPHIA: Write to Jarama Jahn, Post Office Box 17161 (19105), or phone SA 4-4895.

SAN FRANCISCO: Michael Mack, 1010 Powhattan Street, San Francisco, California 94110 (584-4507).

SANTA ROSA: Write to Eugene Nelson, Post Office Box 7037, Santa Rosa, California 95401.

SEATTLE: Temporary contact Bob Horsley at ID Bookstore, 14408 NE 42nd Street, Seattle, Washington 98105.

VANCOUVER: Contact Secretary M. C. Warrior, 427 East 20th Street, Vancouver, British Columbia.

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Reader's Soapbox



SEX AND THE REVOLUTION

Fellow Worker Editor:

One picture is worth a thousand words, they say. The pictures of women on the front and back pages of the May Day edition devalue thousands of words I have taken to heart about the IWW.

The cover girl in low-cut micro-mini carrying the IWW flag beside the male worker carrying his lunch pail looks no different from the woman whose body is used to project the allure of the product of the male capitalist she stands in front of in so many TV ads.

The pin-up on the back page shows just as gross a relationship between women and the IWW. Her bikini top has an IWW globe sketched over each breast. Her bikini bottom features the slogan ONE BIG UNION with an enlarged U right over her crotch. How would I fit into the IWW membership—or should I ask where would the IWW member fit into me?

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, an inspiration to workers and a model to rebel girls, must be turning over in her grave.

—Elizabeth Farrell Rose

(Editor's comment: Men's swimming trunks as well as women's bikinis and all other goods produced by working people in due time, it is hoped, will be

sporting the Wobbly label, though perhaps not in such an obtrusive manner. As far as your editor is concerned, the only valid differences that exist between men and women are the differences that attract them to each other, and all other differences are those resulting from a faulty economic system whose long-overdue demise will put us all on the desired equal footing. Let us male-chauvinist boobs gawk at your feminine charms. Just don't continue to work for half the pay a male worker gets, and we'll be closer to liberation for everyone.)

IDAHO WOB LETTER

Fellow Worker Editor:

As a rule life moves rather slow in the Palouse country, but it appears that the temper of our times finally is beginning to leave its mark on the Pullman-Moscow area. From May 20 to June 4 Washington State University students and faculty members (not all) have been on strike to support the demands made by Third World students to alleviate racist conditions both in the community and on the campus. Insofar as it forced the administration and the community to negotiate a settlement which was satisfactory to Third World students, the strike was successful.

We soon ran out of our small supply of IWW leaflets, but reprinted our own "IWW Welcomes Students" and "How to Join", and soon IWW buttons were greeting our eyes whichever way we looked. We're also doing some job leafleting in Lewiston and thereabouts.

—Idaho Wob

MEMBERSHIP 1917-23

Fellow Worker Editor:

The May 1970 Industrial Worker has an article, "They Didn't Suppress the Wobblies", that I wrote for the SDS magazine Radical America's September 1967 issue. This gives the correct per-capita paid figures for September 1916 through September 1924. But after it was printed I realized per capita had changed in that period. As stated in a note on Page 4 of the "Reading List on IWW" that the IWW currently distributes:

"Increase in per capita makes the 1023 membership figure more modest than that given, but still shows growth; per-capita due figure for 1923 was for 36,890 members per Industrial Solidarity September 16, 1925."

The point still holds that the IWW grew during years of persistent effort to repress it. It changed from a group of hunted men after Centralia to an organized body that decided in union meetings what the job conditions were to be in the Northwest Woods by summer 1923. The practical job activity that accounted for this is one of the still unwritten chapters of Wobbly history. The story of the IWW in Philadelphia is another, and in general the story of our efforts in the marine transport industry. No history details how 573 settled wage rates et cetera with the dirt movers, nor the interesting circumstances which almost

resulted in a pact between AWO and NPL.

I have been trying to get scholars digging up our history to tackle such less-sensational but important aspects of IWW history; meanwhile how about those who have some pertinent recollections writing in about them? One student trying to write up the anti-war activities in Rockford, Illinois 1916-1917 is asking for such help. Let's get the record straight.

—Fred Thompson

CENTRALIA CONSPIRACY

Fellow Worker Editor:

"The loggers who defended their union hall in Centralia were tried during the period of war hysteria. They were convicted by an intimidated jury and sentenced by a bitterly biased judge. The customary rules of courtroom procedure and legal ethics were set aside by a wealthy and powerful prosecution in order to obtain a conviction that could not have been obtained at any other time. The trial was full of errors and irregularities. Even the plea of the jury for clemency was ignored by the black-robed gentleman on the bench. To call this trial a miscarriage of justice is to speak mildly. A dispassionate perusal of the court records will show that it was a disgrace to American jurisprudence. Six of the jurors have since made affidavits exonerating the loggers and complaining about the evidence withheld from them at the trial."

One of the jurors in this case, Victor Johnson, has now

come back to Sweden. He emigrated to the USA in 1909, and he is 84 years old now. Victor Johnson has told the whole story of the terrible assaults in Centralia against the IWW loggers to the paper Dagens Nyheter, which in its April 20 issue had nearly a full page about the Centralia tragedy of November 11, 1919. And as far as I can see Victor Johnson has told the correct story.

A picture of Victor Johnson on his way to the US in 1909, another of the original eleven Centralia defendants, and one of the jury illustrated the story.

Victor Johnson says that his answer to Elmer Smith was: "I cannot get it out of my mind these many years, maybe I go back to Sweden....No one will say there goes Victor Johnson, he helped send innocent men to prison."

The trial was a scandal, says Victor, and what happened to Joe Hill—the best known IWW worker in Sweden—was not an isolated phenomenon. We need only look back at the IWW's history to see that murder and judicial murder were used by the IWW's antagonists with the aim of destroying the IWW.

About the mysterious writer B. Traven, I read in the paper Dagens Nyheter April 6, 1970 an article by Sven Wernstrom, saying he found out B. Traven, who died over a year ago, was born in 1890 in the USA to Swedish-Norwegian parents and that his real name is Berick Traven Torsvan.

Wernstrom closed by saying that it is now time to publish B. Traven for the politically conscious youth of our times. Which publisher will take the chance?

—D.S.



(continued from Page 2)

WATERLOO: IWW Student Branch at University of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario. Tom Patterson, Secretary, c/o Federation of Students.

YAKIMA: Write to Stationary Delegate, Post Office Box 2205, Yakima, Washington 98902.

YELLOW SPRINGS: Contact IWW Stationary Delegate Scott McNeil, 101 Tower Court, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45887.

OVERSEAS BRANCHES

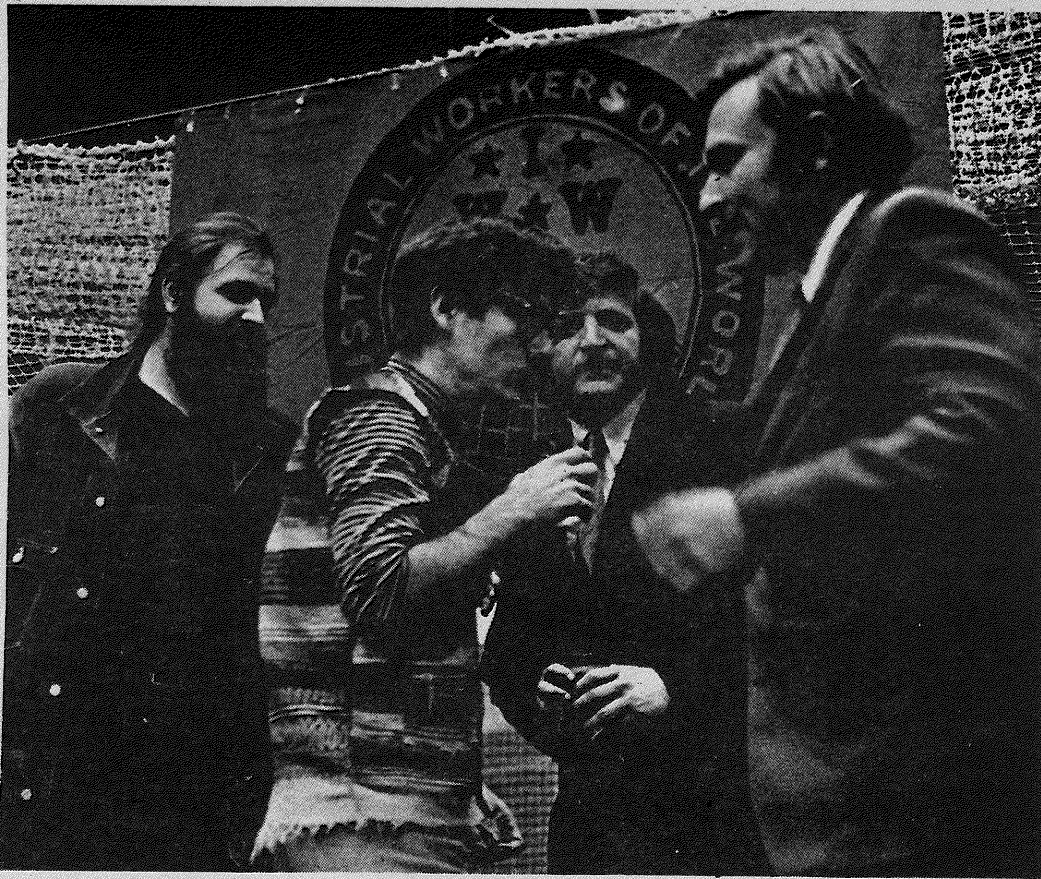
AUSTRALIA: Bert Armstrong, 20 Barton Street, Concord, New South Wales.

GREAT BRITAIN:

LONDON: Colin Beadle, 49 Lausanne Road, Horney, London N. 8.

HARTEPOOL (NORTHEAST ENGLAND): Brian Carter, 1 Ormesby Road, Seaton Estate, Hartepool, County Durham.

SWEDEN: David Sund. Harpundsavgen 44, 124 - 40 Bandhagen.



Two members of the Chicago 7 trial group spoke at University of Massachusetts Cage last night. Left to right are Jon Tuttle, Amherst, official of the Industrial Workers of the World, sponsors of the talk; Rennie Davis, one of the Chicago 7 who has just finished speaking; Atty. Lew Weinglass, one of the lawyers for the Chicago 7, who spoke earlier; and Atty. Isidor Silver, UMass professor, who spoke also, seeking to raise funds for the Chicago 7 defense fund.



THE SYSTEM IS VULNERABLE

Modern capitalism has to rely on elaborate systems of record-keeping, communication, finance and credit, and—especially in the case of the great powers of the world—on elaborate military establishments. All these are sensitive areas, and are treated very protectively. Are these the areas in which we can most effectively attack capitalism?

Record-keeping and communication have been becoming more and more computerized. Computers have become symbols of people-manipulation, and a natural focus of resentment. Elaborate precautions are taken against attacks by dissident students, and because of student unrest the Defense Department threatens to cancel its \$24,000,000 Iliac IV at Urbana. When students from Trinidad attending Sir George William University in Montreal grew weary in February of 1969 of a run-around on their complaints of race discrimination, they set fire to the computer room. But fire isn't needed; protestors entering Dow Chemical offices soon afterward used inexpensive magnets to destroy the information on 900 reels of computer tape. (The DC Nine—four Catholic priests, a nun, a former nun, two Jesuit seminarians, and a draft-resister—drew six-year sentences recently for destroying Dow records, and on June 9 the religiously-motivated crew who had burned draft records in Chicago drew five and ten-year sentences.)

Will sabotage perhaps destroy the system? If so, there is no urgent need for action, for it is self-sabotaging in both its record-keeping and its directly industrial aspects. The more data the computer systems store up, the more misinformation. An electronics firm, TRW, has bought out the Credit Data Corporation and is ready to transmit to clients its computerized records on 20,000,000 individuals—and another 50,000 such records are added every week. Meanwhile, the 2,000 members of Associated Credit Bureaus are now

making similar arrangements with ITT. Macleans recently recounted how a goof in such a record ruined one man's life. Years ago, before they had computers, a Weyerhaeuser blacklist system was rendered ineffective when hundreds of lumberjacks changed their names to either Smith or Olson.

In a communications center above the US Attorney General's suite (CDN 5-26-70) the Department of Justice monitors all demonstrations throughout the US. This facility was set up for ghetto disturbances, but last year was made into a round-the-clock operation. It feeds its computers data from FBI and other sources, and "is constantly digesting and computerizing intelligence information on both protest groups and individual demonstrators". Its war room is equipped like a military battle room, with push-pin-studded maps. It records all information, even the walkie-talkie announcements of the demonstrators. The more demonstrators, the greater the difficulty of keeping all these things straight. And variation in monikers and co-operation with a variety of dissident groups must increase the difficulties.

Anyway, on June 8, the FBI announced that until July of 1971, because of "budgetary problems", it would have to shut down the only national fingerprint depository there is and refuse to check the prints of new state and municipal employees. Out-of-state taxi drivers will now have to get their fingerprint clearance from a variety of separate states, which again imposes more work on the system. But it endures.

In the industrial arena the system is self-sabotaging. Consider the quality of the stuff sold to the Pentagon, let alone the quality of the stuff sold to you and me. A typical Congressman wastes far more than a lad with emery dust. The new industrial materials are becoming increasingly hazardous. It is amazing that we have so far survived either the atomic age or the use of new industrial

processes in a game based on profits. Because of the derailment of various shipments, 53 communities have been evacuated since 1954; and as evidence of the rise in frequency, 25 of these evacuations were in 1969. Derailments have increased from 2,671 in 1961 to 5,487 in 1968, none evidently deliberate.

BANKING

During the post office strike last March, some wondered whether the system could withstand the freezing of checks, bonds, and other such items in post offices. How could the banks and brokerage houses run? But they did. The banking system of Ireland has been closed by a strike since mid-March, and four years ago was shut down for another four months, also by a strike. Yet Ireland remains capitalistic.

The postal strike was a massive defiance of Section 7311 of Title 5 of the US Code, which prohibits any Federal employee from going on strike or from asserting the right to strike or even belonging to an organization which asserts the right to strike. Many states have adopted similar provisions regarding state, municipal, and other public employees. But teachers, hospital workers, firemen, police, and Federal employees have struck again and again. In 1958 there were 15 strikes of public employees involving 1,720 workers, and in 1969 there were 254 such strikes involving 201,800 workers. Experience has turned such strikes as these into a nothing-very-unusual reality, and yet the system endures, though the laws were enacted by men who used to have nightmares about strikes by public employees.

In telephone strikes communication continues much as usual, but in postal strikes the mail does not go through. It doesn't always go where it is intended to, anyway. The system offers powerful temptations to its underpaid staff. Some sorting clerks have been going to work with labels giving their own (or pick-up)

addresses, which they simply slapped on any package that took their eye. Some watch out for certain credit cards that they can peddle to the syndicate for \$200. (There are now about 50,000,000 bank credit cards alone in circulation, most of them issued during the last two years, on top of the older restaurant, oil, and department store cards.) The Government used to require shipments of firearms to be labeled "Firearms". Now it has stopped this because so few firearms have reached their intended destinations.

LOOTING

Can we stock up with guns and end the system? Doesn't Chairman Mao say "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun?" He does, and quite correctly, for what does grow out of the barrel of a gun is political power, and political power only—the power to coerce—a power that institutionalized can be used only by those who are not in industry against those who are. This is why so often an underclass which thought it could win its freedom with guns found out that it had only changed masters. Guns serve only those who command the men that wield them, and not those who carry them. To win freedom requires something other than a gun: it requires setting up a new set of social and economic arrangements into which slavery will not fit—and this isn't done with guns. In this kind of struggle guns can serve only incidental purposes such as restraining the armed violence of the reactionaries; guns can't accomplish the main objective.

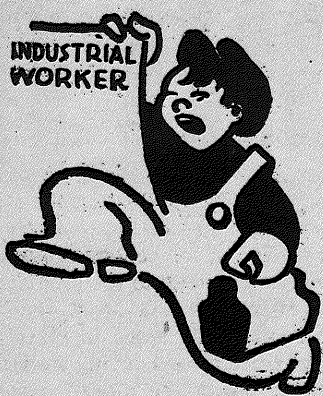
GUNS

Neither can you loot the system out. It is also self-looting, and on a scale no Robin Hood could ever hope to achieve. The annual direct crime loss is estimated at \$10,000,000,000—with

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*If you don't have your copy
of the IWW Little Red Songbook, don't cry!
A new edition will soon be ready.*



\$YSTEM

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\$3,000,000,000 of this total embezzled. Burglary and robbery account for only \$1,400,000,000. If a significant number of these burglars and embezzlers are against the system, it seems strange that all Leftist organizations are still taking up collections. A million autos are stolen every year. That is only one per cent, but one out of every seven of the new "muscle" cars is stolen. The crime figures also do not include the "legitimate" graft — ridiculous bonuses and salaries paid to top executives and their do-nothing relatives, or such graft as \$142,000,000 of Spanish Government funds diverted into private ventures and lost, all so hush-hush only the Supreme Court is allowed to investigate. Much of the looting process is wasteful. The damage done by insurance companies and mutual funds in mammoth sales and purchases of stocks, amplifying stock market oscillations beyond precedent, vastly exceeds the damage done in the ghetto burnings and lootings in Watts, on West Madison Street, or anywhere else.

Some looting is very sophisticated. There was the chain store manager with six outlets who installed a seventh outlet with his own cash register and pocketed its receipts. A mail order house executive shipped the stock to his own private store without charging it until he got too greedy and sent around the mail order painters to re-decorate the store. Five computer experts managed to steal over a million dollars from one New York bank. One program expert fixed a bank's computer to by-pass his own account in reporting overdrafts, and then cashed in on it. One reads about such malarky every day, and the system still survives, even to the growing of marijuana on a large scale on the grounds of Fontana Steel in California.

THE SYSTEM

You can't shoot the system out, for it thrives on war. You can't loot the system out, for it's self-looting on a scale we could never hope to approach. And you can't sabotage the system out, for it's self-sabotaging on a scale far beyond our feeble capacity. Essentially what is the system? It's the widespread acceptance by working people of the notion that the way to make a living is to hire out to do the work someone else wants done. So long as we do this, our daily work gives effect to their wishes and not to ours. We create products we couldn't afford to buy even if we wanted them. We can reach an understanding among ourselves as a class of what work we want done, and do only that work instead of doing what we have been told to. Without such an understanding, any breakdown of the system means disaster, famine, plague. Our capacity to build that understanding makes the system vulnerable. Our failure to build that understanding enables the system to endure almost endless turmoil and waste.

—Fred Thompson

Three Poems By "HARD HAT"

PARADOX

Why do they say what they say,
If they don't mean what they say
When they say it?
The honorable men. The peacemakers.

The men who say:
"We seek a just and honorable peace."
By any honorable means.
The honorable men. The peacemakers.

The men who say:
"We must increase the quotient of pain."
For those who have felt pain all their lives
We must give more pain.
The painmakers. The peacemakers.

PEACE

We talked of peace —
And the children cried.
It wasn't all our fault —
And a child died.
If you would only see it our way —
And a mother cried.
The young men flew —
And the bombs fell.
The talks went on in a dispassionate way —
And the bombs killed the selfsame way.
In all the talks there was little passion —
And in rational discussion we forgot compassion.
And something within me cried —
And something within me died.

DOMINUS VOBISCUM

The price that won't be paid —
Stop the war.
God damn gooks —
Ought to kill them all.
God damn communists —
Yellow-bellied rice-eaters.
Nixon's right —
Ought to drop the bomb.
Kill all those slant-eyes —
God damn niggers and radicals
Should be shot.
God damn wetbacks —
Should shoot them all.
Long-haired bastards —
Them too.
We work hard.
They have no respect for anything —
Should gas them all.
I believe in what the bible says —
Always wars.
War keeps down the population —
Dominus vobiscum.

—Hard Hat

CHICAGO BRANCH REPLIES TO TRANSIT FARE HIKE

FREE RIDES CUT COSTS,
IWW TELLS CTA

Chicago (WNS) — A letter from Pat Murfin, local IWW Secretary, to the Chicago Transit Authority notes that no fares are charged on the public transit system in Hanford, Washington, and urges that merchants and employers should pay for CTA costs just as they pay for elevator rides in their stores or man-trips in their mines. It suggests that a demand for "portal-to-portal pay from home in the morning to home again at night" may interest employers in helping to solve the related traffic congestion and pollution problems.

Eliminating fares, says the IWW, would save CTA the cost of collecting and processing fares; save it, its users, and car-users the hours lost in traffic hold-ups while fares get collected, and an estimated 500 hours per adult yearly avoidable by better transportation; save the community the health and property maintenance costs due to that portion of the pollution that would be avoided by this plan; and save "the holes in our pockets from carrying change, the trips back home to get exact fare, the annoyance to merchants to change bills, the rain down our necks as we wait for customers to dig into their purses as they file past the fare box."



LOS ANGELES AREA FWs ACTIVE

Los Angeles (WNS) — 30 enthusiastic Wobblies assembled at the SRAFPRIOT Co-operative, 14133 Gilmore Street, Van Nuys, California, Friday evening, June 12. Some were members of Printing and Publishing Workers IU 450 of the IWW, some of Education Workers IU 620, and a couple of Communication Workers IU 560 and Public Service Workers IU 670. They resolved to send in for a General Membership charter for the local, so that through it the members of these various industrial unions could recruit for any and all IWW industrial unions. Michael Dale was elected Branch Secretary.

At the same time a San Fernando Valley State College Job Committee was formed, and also a CONTEMPT Job Committee, which functions at the office of CONTEMPT, the movement paper that the members decided to treat as their local official organ.

Visiting the meeting were two Fellow Workers from the active IWW local in San Diego, Arthur Miller and Daryl Van Fleet, whose victory in the courts is reported in another article. These men told how in San Diego, by the use of paper co-ops, those pushing papers on the streets have eliminated the cost of the middleman distributor and his cuts. In Los Angeles those selling the Free Press still have to give the middleman an unnecessary cut. The Van Nuys meeting resolved to look into this situation and correct it.

THE UNION SCENE

Those construction workers who beat up peace demonstrators in New York were herded there by their stewards in collusion with the contractors who paid for the show. The Wall Street Journal (which has an audience it isn't paid to fool) carried this story, but few other papers have mentioned it. Incidentally the May 20 WSJ had a rather objective account of the IWW revival. But even this cheering news does not erase the fact that the Building Trades have backed the undeclared invasions of Southeast Asia.

There are hints of legislation to deny the rank and file the right to reject contract terms negotiated for them. Secretary of Labor Schultz has urged this. George Meany this spring backed him by declaring: "The best collective bargaining is when both sides come to the table with the full power to make a deal." Tell it to the Teamos, George.

On June 1 the US Supreme Court tried a bit of nerve gas on wildcats. It reversed its 1962 decision — simply to express a change of mind — that the old Norris-LaGuardia Act prevented the Federal courts from enjoining strikers. That had left this job to state courts. Now in Boys Market Versus Retail Clerks the Court ruled that Federal judges can enjoin strikers where a union contract implies a no-strike pledge. Business Week reports some union lawyers feel this will deprive union heads of their old choice: suppress a strike by leaving litigation in the state jurisdiction or support it by moving it into federal territory.

The NLRB has ruled that when one company buys out another it wins whatever union contract its predecessor had, unless there is some major change in operations; in parallel, unions must extend the old contract to the new owner even though they may have hoped to wangle something better.

WE LIVE IN ONE WORLD!

(This piece summarizes odds and ends scattered in newspapers and business magazines through the last six months that indicate how unified is this world in which we work and live.)

Ecologists are taking a leading hand in urging some global arrangements to cope with the damage mankind on all continents is doing to this one ocean system that laps all shores, and this one envelope of air that moves over the face of the entire earth. They have new reasons this year for such concern. A Belgian oil company discovers oil drilling about midway between Norway and Scotland. Who, if anyone, will claim control over safe drilling practices? Standard Oil subsidiary Chevron has recently been indicted for 900 separate counts of willful violation of various US regulations covering off-shore drilling, but not in the North Sea. Marine Ventures is getting set up to suction manganese from the ocean floor about 150 miles off of Florida. More South American countries adopt the 200-mile limit. New York City dumps more than 2,000,000 tons of solid waste into the ocean each year. The once-beautiful Rhine and Danube now pour filth into the sea. Continental Can is invading Germany, where only 1% of the beer comes in cans. The Soviet scientist who took charge of developing Russia's H-bomb now urges that Russia and US each appropriate about \$40,000,000,000 to clean up the biosphere.

The "Soviet" and "Free Enterprise" economies mesh. The deal for Ford to set up tractor plants on the Kema River in the Volga basin has fallen through, but among the free enterprisers who'd still like to undertake the job are Hino Motors of Japan, Renault of France, Daimler-Benz and Volkswagenwerk of West Germany, and Leland Motors of Britain. The June 5 Chicago Daily News summarized some "communist" deals with reactionary governments, to wit: "Business between the Communists and Greece is growing. Communist nations are participating in Greek trade fairs Other Communist trade, direct and indirect, has helped such nations as South Africa and Rhodesia to survive Western boycotts. Poland risked the wrath of the Western Communists by delivering coal to Spain during a strike by Spanish coal miners.... Political opposition in Western Europe has damaged Greece's trade balance since 1967, and it turned to the East.... Since then Greece has contracted for a \$15,000,000 Soviet power station.... Even Maoist Albania, still technically at war with Greece, has signed a trade agreement*, and Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, all despite the public outcry against the bloody rules of the military junta in Greece, trade there, and of course millions of American dollars likewise go to support these colonels, their hands dripping with the blood of our fellow workers.

Jugoslavia's largest conglomerate, Energoinvest, sells half its production outside, runs a Mexican partner called Energomex, and is looking for more business in the USA, streamlined by a New York City management concern. Despite the much higher cost of hauling pipe from Yugoslavia, it underbid the Japanese by 17% on a \$1,600,000,000 pipe contract for a hydro project in British Columbia. The Japanese are to furnish the pipe to bring oil from Alaska's Northern Slope to ice-free southern ports, and will tote it across the Pacific Ocean on barges towed by tugs.

Styles of management converge in this competing world, incentives to both managers and workers, and whips and

spurs as well. To quote what a man said in 1847: "Workers of the world unite — you have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain." Don't scab on coal miners who dare strike in a country where workers get killed or jailed for daring to strike.

Companies that may not really sound international still often are. American Hospital Supply for years has been adding to hospital costs by peddling sheets at prices higher than department stores charged the general public, and much higher than they could be bought from manufacturers in large quantities. It plans to invest \$37,000,000 this year. Its first-quarter revenues were around \$115,000,000, of which \$6,300,000 were profit. It used to own half of Merz and Dade of Switzerland, which distributes diagnostic laboratory equipment through Europe. This year it bought out the other half of Merz and Dade. Pollatch sounds almost as American as American Hospital, but a recent ad pictures how it harvests exotic timbers in Colombia, Samoa, and other tropical areas so as to supplement its Idaho white pine and its fir, red cedar, and various Southern hardwoods.

In Canada Americanization is both a naughty word and a hot political issue. Now the Japanese have more money invested in Canada than the British

have. About two years' wheat crop is stored up, and one coming. Wheat there too is largely agribusiness. It makes Canadian trade face west. The National Farmers' Union wants the Government to buy more wheat and use it to feed the hungry world; they've not proposed government subsidy to backward areas to proceed with the green revolution and make their food supplies abundant.

Financing has become increasingly international. At the end of the first quarter the Department of Commerce (USA) estimated that plant equipment outlays by foreign affiliates of American companies jumped 20% to an annual rate of \$12,700,000,000. Almost all money for this was obtained in Eurobond and Eurodollar markets to avoid the tight, high-interest US funds. And in the stock market Euroequities develops a parallel business.

By international dodges American companies foil nationalization. Bolivia nationalized Gulf Oil properties, but now turns them over to Spain's Hispanoil, which acts as a Gulf agent. International operations can increase concentration of capital within a country: D of J barred merger of British Petroleum subsidiaries here with Standard Oil of Ohio — not to stop a foreign investment, but for antitrust reasons. Concentration of capital is global business too.

There is much talk of a Free World, and a Soviet World, and a Third World, and a developing world. But the fact becomes ever more plain: there is one world. It is peopled almost entirely by those who work for a living, working at the tasks others have decided that they should do. Nationalism helps maintain a system of exploitation, just as the columns and walls of structures support their horizontal divisions. Those who decree what the workers should do, all the way from the big leeches who deal with each other at the tops of these social pyramids to the half-starved demagogic strawbosses near the bottom, preach patriotism and narrow divisive interests, but work by means of global structures to exploit the peoples in all parts of the world.

One of the many reasons why we need the IWW is that it makes it its job to spread the word that we workers have one interest: to act together for our collective good. We can build a good world that way. We are certain to ruin the world for the entire human race if we do not build the facilities that will enable us to conspire together to use this world for our collective good.

— FT

And we need a UNION SLANT!

Fellow Workers:

DON'T SCAB!

DON'T KILL!

A bunch of flabby-muscled, lily-livered parasites have kept the great masses of mankind in subjugation for years by hiring some of us to scab on others, some of us to kill each other. They still do.

The rich and the powerful of all nations ride mankind in this manner. They ride us, the useful people, the working people, by keeping us divided. They never do their own scabbing or their own killing. They hire workers to do it for them.

Who can be expected to stop the scabbing and the killing except the working people? And how, except by uniting?

In this world market we can be used to undermine the strikes and bargaining efforts of our fellow workers without even knowing they are on strike and without crossing any picket line.

When those in the saddle get into territorial arguments they create patriotic excuses to get us into uniforms to kill each other — across the border or halfway around the earth. Between times they may have us shoot a few rebellious students, strikers, or demonstrators.

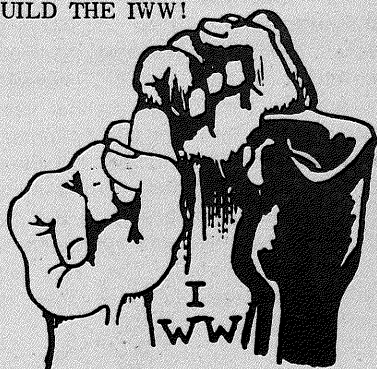
Don't scab! Don't kill!

None of the great problems of our age can be solved if we continue to let ourselves be used against each other in uniform, or in overalls, or even in G-strings. These problems can be solved if we who do the world's work reach an understanding among ourselves the world over how best to use the earth's resources for the collective good of all. That shouldn't prove too hard in an age of travel, cables, air mail, and telephones.

That is what it's all about!

DON'T BUILD WW III!

BUILD THE IWW!



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WOBS ON TV
RECALL HARD TIMES

Two of our old reliables were on Chicago TV recently, on Bob Cromie's midnight book discussion at midnight: Jimmy Sheridan and Stanley McAuley. The occasion was a discussion of Studs Terkel's oral history of the great depression, "Hard Times", a fast-selling book published this spring. Like his "Division Street" it consists of taped records of conversations. The book leads off with Jimmy Sheridan's recollections of the bonus march. It also includes Fred Thompson's reminiscence of the effective work the IWW did in the '30s to get those who were unemployed to assure the ones who still had jobs that if they would strike the jobless would come, not to bust their picket lines, but to beef them up...and scores and scores of other recollections of those threadbare '30s that people — especially rebels — somehow still managed to enjoy.



THE BURIAL OF TIO NACHO

by Alfredo Nuberoja

The day of Tio Nacho's funeral was not an especial one, but it was a day that few people will forget, that is of the people who were there in attendance. There are a couple of Anglos who were there who have been trying awfully hard to forget. One has been staggering up and down the Embarcadero and along Mission Street down in the City, and the other is in the mental hospital at Napa under close observation. The rest of the people who were there were mostly of the Race; and you know how it is among the Race—everybody is a little bit loco anyway, so just one more crazy thing happening is not going to upset the cart.

In case nobody has ever told you, Tio Nacho during his lifetime was quite a character. Even among the Race, for whom the unusual is no longer very unusual, Tio Nacho was one who stuck out. Though he did not appear to be, Tio Nacho was a hard-working man. And he had to be a hard-working man, because he had two families to support: the family he had by Tia Crespina, who was his legal spouse, and the family he had by Tia Luz, who had been his paramour almost as long as he had been married to Tia Crespina. He had been faithful, if one could stretch a word, to both of them, as well as having been faithful to a number of others from time to time.

Besides having been a hard-working man, Tio had also been a hard-living man. He could hoe more beans, pick more prunes or grapes, drink more wine or beer or tequila, eat hotter peppers, lose his temper faster, fight harder, and forgive quicker than any other man this side of the Rockies. He also liked to play the guitar or the cornet whenever he wasn't working or drinking or chasing women. This is not to say that he did not take his music seriously. In fact when it came to music he was a fanatical perfectionist. No one within his earshot would dare play any melody even the least bit out of tune or off key, or they would be in for a hard time from Tio Nacho. Many were the times he would snatch an instrument out of the hands of somebody whose playing he took issue with and proceed to show the hapless individual the correct way of playing whatever piece he happened to be doing. It was one of those things that made Tio Nacho the man he was. There were those who loved him, there were those who hated him, and there were those who stayed out of his way. He was indeed quite a guy; but as happens to everyone eventually, his soul passed on, as no one lives forever—not even Tio Nacho.

Naturally all funeral arrangements

were made by Tia Crespina, since she was his legal wife, and not by Tia Luz, who had no legal claim to him, although everyone knew that her love for Tio Nacho was more genuine than that of Tia Crespina. Tia Crespina was a most conventional person who, having long suffered from the unconventionalities of Tio Nacho, was very much concerned about respectability, and was hoping to camouflage the shortcomings of her late husband's past with an impressive funeral ceremony. Since he had spent a short hitch in the army, Tio Nacho was entitled to a full military funeral with all the trappings, and that was the type of funeral that Tia Crespina had arranged for. Not that Tio Nacho had ever expressed a desire for a military funeral—or any other kind of funeral, for that matter. As far as Tio Nacho's having been an army man, when the war broke out he decided he didn't want any part of it, and he took off to go back to Mexico. He was stopped at the border by the authorities, and he wound up in the army through no fault of his own. About all those army guys could do with him was to use him for a bugler at one of the camps here in the states, since he was a damn good cornet player.

Tio Nacho, a credit to the Race, was not what one could call the model of a subordinate soldier. He never really cottoned up to army discipline, and the perfection he adhered to in his music didn't carry over into his army life—which naturally didn't have too healthy an effect on the morale of the rest of the camp. That plus the fact that one of the commanding officers was highly suspicious (though there was never any proof or any attempt at proof) that his wife's latest baby had been sired by Tio Nacho helped to bring about a decision in certain high quarters that this good soldier had served his country long enough. With such a short military career, Tio Nacho could hardly be considered the dedicated professional soldier type that one associates with those who enjoy the privileges of a full military funeral.

Anyway, there Tia Crespina stood, right up at the graveside, all dressed up in black, making a big show of crying, crossing herself, and fingering her rosary. She had her kids and various relatives and friends standing with her to help comfort her in her bereavement. Also they were strategically placed at the side of the grave so there would be no danger of Tia Luz standing up front with the respectable mourners. Not that Tia Luz had any intention of standing up front. She was quite content to stand back at a respectful distance as befit her particular status, silently brushing away an occasional tear in contrast to

the almost theatrical display of emotion on the part of Tia Crespina.

A color guard and bugler had been brought down from the veterans' home in Yountville, and these particular veterans looked so ancient that it was assumed they were veterans of several wars back. It was all these venerable old soldiers could do to keep from falling asleep on their feet during the lengthy graveside sermon of the local Legion chaplain. This chaplain—he's the one who's now at Napa—was plenty long-winded. He was making a sermon that was no different from the countless other such sermons he had given before and was typical of the type of oration that is delivered by one who knows he has a captive audience. He droned on about love of flag, home, and country, and the usual things that one can expect from a Legion chaplain. He made his reference to the deceased and how this man had, upon the call of duty, put aside all other considerations to come to the defense of his flag in its hour of need. It was at this point that there are those who claim to have heard farting noises coming from the coffin, and in view of the immediately ensuing events, no one can refute these people.

Well, anyway, the sermon was finally ended, whereupon the chaplain nudged the bugler to start playing taps so the coffin could be lowered into the grave. The last time that old boy was an army bugler must have been the War of 1812, because when he blew it sounded like a sick cockroach breaking wind, he was that far off key. So far off key, in fact, that Tia Crespina momentarily forgot to concentrate on her grief.

It was at this moment that the thing began to happen. The sorrowful notes of the bugle were shortly drowned out by a distraction at the grave, and the chief source of the distraction was the coffin itself. It was vibrating as if it were alive and emitting an ungodly noise that was a mixture of pounding and muffled curses which caused the grave attendants who were just getting ready to lower it into the ground to jump back as if they had suddenly come upon a live rattlesnake. The pounding and oaths coming from inside the coffin increased in volume until the lid flew open upon its hinges, and there appeared the head and shoulders of Tio Nacho himself, with a fierce expression on his face.

A few of the women and even one of the men had fainted dead away, but everybody else stood right where they were as if their shoes had been nailed to the ground. Tia Luz crossed herself in fear and gasped to herself: "Merciful God, he is angry!" Tia Crespina, having completely forgotten her state of grief, was wringing her rosary and wailing:

"Merciful God, even in his own coffin that man doesn't have the decency to stay put!" And when he had completely emerged from his coffin, she gasped: "Oh, that wretched undertaker, he didn't put any pants on him!" and fell back in a faint. The color guard, no longer hearing the bugle, raised their rifles and fired their rounds of ammunition, not really being conscious of what was going on. The chaplain had dropped his bible and was standing there with eyes about to pop out of his face and strange gurgling noises coming from his mouth.

Tio Nacho, despite the fact that only his top half was clad in regal splendor, while his bottom half was in the same condition in which his mother had first brought him into the World, strode over with irreproachable dignity to where the old bugler was standing. The bugler just stood there gazing out of rheumy eyes as Tio Nacho gently took the bugle away from him. Tio Nacho gave the bugle a couple of quick shakes, and then put it to his lips. With no further preliminary he began to play taps himself, and the taps that he played then were the most beautiful that were ever heard this side of the border. No general or president could ever claim the honor of having taps played for him so eloquently. From the bell of that bugle came the murmur of the mountain breezes through the redwoods, the rumble of the surf at sunset, the sighing of all the World's brides, the sobbing of all the World's widows, the laughter of all the World's children, and the softness of a lover's touch in the darkness of night. He then finished off with a tricky little triple toungeing foot-tapping run that he had learned in Mexico when he was a little boy, and handed the instrument back to the old bugler with an indulgent smile. A few of the mourners brought their hands up to applaud the performance, but remembered they were at a funeral and let their hands return to their sides.

With the self-satisfied smile of one who has put somebody in his place, Tio Nacho walked back to his coffin. After sticking his tongue out at the prostrate form of Tia Crespina and casting a sly wink at Tia Luz, he then eased himself back into the coffin, being careful not to pick up any slivers. With a nod to proceed with the funeral, he pulled the lid down after himself.

Somehow they managed to end the ceremony without the guidance of the chaplain. And of course things went back to their usual routine after the funeral. There are those who will tell you this is not a true story. But those who would say this don't know that the parents who live within earshot of the cemetery no longer compel their small children to practice their music lessons—not at home, anyway!

"Let's Enjoy This Next Depression!"

There's more leisure these days. Some call it unemployment—and if it helps you collect any bread, why call it that? But it is free time, and let's enjoy it. If we have shelter and enough to eat and clothes enough to get by, what we need most for enjoyment is other people. And people with spare time is something there is lots of.

We've been doing too much work anyway. It piled up inventories even when we were busy making things to bump each other off. It polluted the air and the water. Most of it was useless, but it did make profits.

Now let's get together to provide for recreation, entertainment, and other things you have wanted to do. Through

collective action we can make various park and other community facilities available for folks who want to put on plays, and for others who want to see them; for folks who would like to make up a dance band, and for others who would like to dance to their music; for folks who would like to teach others something interesting or useful, and for folks who would like to learn it. Let's do such things for the fun of it and enjoy them for free.

If we are organized to use and enjoy this unplanned leisure, will we be helpless about seeing to it that all have food, clothing, and shelter?

We may need to get a little exercise putting back the furniture of fellow

workers who have been evicted, fixing up the house first and billing the landlord for the manhours used. Or helping folks on strike picket to assure them the jobless will not bust their strikes. Or spreading the good word and letting all men know that for society to be flexible enough to adjust to an outbreak of peace, or a halt to pollution, we need a good life, job or no job.



WHOSE FIRE?

There was far more indignation over those students burning a bank in Santa Barbara than over Idaho potato farmers piling up mountains of spuds, pouring oil on them, and setting them afire. They didn't like the price offered for the Number 3 spuds used for potato chips and other forms of the processed potato. (You didn't think that a commercial enterprise would use good ones where poor ones would do, didya?)

WOBBLES Return to San Diego



SAN DIEGO WOBS FORGE AHEAD

San Diego (WNS) — We are making steady progress in San Diego. The IWW membership here has now reached 80. We plan to open a hall, but have been prevented thus far by lack of funds.

The two whose arrests were reported in the May Industrial Worker are free. I had a jury trial back in April for interfering with a police officer in the performance of his "duties", and I was acquitted after the arresting officers, Switzer and Trahan, gave contradictory testimony and suffered frequent lapses of memory on the stand. I have since filed suit against the City for false arrest.

Fellow Worker Arthur Miller's charges were dropped. The Unified Port District, which has jurisdiction over the airport where the arrest was made, was notified by the San Diego City Attorney to stop harassing vendors because the district ordinance against the selling of newspapers was open to "constitutional attack".

The charges against Fellow Worker Ray Wiswell for disturbing the peace were dropped. Also the prosecutor agreed to drop charges of giving false information to a police officer and committing two minor traffic violations with the unusual provision that nothing about the case be printed in the Street Journal, the underground newspaper. It was claimed that the Journal articles about my trial had made them "appear foolish".

The charges against Tom Brose, who was erroneously identified as a Fellow Worker in the article, were dropped.

Such setbacks to the power structure have resulted in temporary lessening of police harassment of new vendors, but repression has manifested itself in other ways. Two weeks ago a fellow who was known as Jay King and who was active in the Black Panther Party and Movement for a Democratic Military was discovered to be one John Paul Murray, an undercover agent for the San Diego Police Department. When this became public a number of movement people were immediately arrested, and the Street Journal and a number of IWW members received threatening phone calls. Next day a house where five Fellow Workers lived was raided — ostensibly to search for weapons — without a warrant.

The basic situation here in San Diego hasn't changed much since 1912, when the police and armed vigilantes drove the IWW out of town after the famous Free Speech Fight. San Diego is still one of the country's most reactionary communities. But we just want the Establishment to know that we're back now, and this time we're here to stay.

—Daryl B. Van Fleet

(The San Diego Branch contemplates a pamphlet on the history of the IWW and related struggles in that area. The Street Journal has already carried an extensive piece comparing 1970 and 1912.)

against the police officer in question, as "there was no evidence to warrant prosecution".

There are a lot of other things that make Seattle a lovely town to live in, but I will let this hold you for the time.

—J.W. Fain
X 325044

DAMOCLES IN THE MID-EAST

All wars are moral, philosophical, political studies in conflicting values. Things are never black and white, right and wrong, so judgment is difficult. And judgment has never been more difficult than in the Arab-Israeli war. Unquestionably both sides have a lot of justice in their claims — the Jews who suffered the most devastating racial attack ever made do indeed seem entitled to the homeland that they have made prosperous, yet the bitterly impoverished and displaced Palestinian refugees have a strong claim on their old home too.

For Americans, making a judgment about the Middle East crisis is doubly difficult because of this nation's long-standing emotional ties to Israel. Even evidence of growing militarism and imperialism by Israel has not greatly shaken the basic American faith in Israeli goodness. Only a few weeks ago 60 "dove" Senators signed a letter to the President urging the sale of jet fighters to Israel.

On the other hand, many Leftist groups in this country strongly support the Palestinian guerrillas because they see them as a national liberation movement. How sincerely socialist these guerrillas are, however, is called into question by Nasser's style of socialism, which gives one of the best imitations of fascism going. Many young radicals in this country, one has a strong suspicion, oppose Israel simply because their fathers support it so strongly.

If choosing sides is difficult, one thing is clear — the Middle East is the one place in the world where American and Russian power is being brought to bear in direct opposition — and that is a very dangerous thing indeed. History has shown that "national pride" usually takes precedence over good sense, and wars that nobody wants somehow get started. Needless to say, war between the United States and the Soviet Union would pretty well spell the end to all of us. We cannot let that happen.

Currently this country is inundated with Israeli propaganda which is highly reminiscent of the British propaganda that was so important in the American entrance into the First World War. The pressure is high to provide American armament to meet the threat of Russian presence in Egypt. (Russian pilots are now flying Egyptian Migs, just as American pilots were among the first combatants in Viet Nam.)

Without trying to decide who is right or wrong in the Middle East, America must maintain real, not pretended, neutrality in this situation. It is the responsibility of the peace movement in this country not to get so wrapped up in Southeast Asia that it fails to become involved in keeping the world out of this painful conflict.

People get healthcare

Chicago is a city whose only public hospital, Cook County Hospital, is on the verge of collapse. (It was almost permanently closed last month in a struggle between the County Board, the State Legislature, and the hospital governing board over who would control the budget and operations.) It is a city virtually devoid of public out-patient clinics for the poor and working-class. It is a city where private hospitals and doctors often turn away those unable to pay. In short, Chicago has been a bad place to be poor and sick in.

The people of Chicago's Lincoln Park area decided that the only way they were going to get adequate low-income health care would be to provide it for themselves. So that is what they did. On May 2 the Fritz Englestein Free People's Health Center opened to supply medical care for the community. Open Wednesdays and Saturdays during hours that encourage mothers to bring their school-age children, the Center is well equipped, with four examining rooms, and well staffed by doctors and nurses who donate their time to the project. Under a co-operative agreement with Augustana Hospital, X-rays, lab tests, and specialist care are provided there at a cost to the patient dependent on income. Much of the work is done free.

Lincoln Park is a working-class area composed mostly of Puerto Ricans, poor whites, Germans, some blacks, and many freaks which has for years been fighting the City's urban-renewal efforts to turn the neighborhood into a middle-class young-married area. The experience of fighting urban renewal has pulled the community together and radicalized it. Ethnic groups that were once at each other's throats are now working together to provide alternative institutions like the Health Center.

There was a lot of work involved in setting up the Center, especially in cleaning and repairing the very dingy and damaged church basement which now looks as clean and bright as any doctor's office and is decorated with IWW and other revolutionary posters. The all-volunteer staff of doctors, nurses, technicians, and clerical aides are supervised by the community, which has final control over the operation.

The Center, named for Fritz Englestein, a long-time community resident and a socialist who dedicated much of her time to work for such neighborhood organizations as the Concerned Citizens Survival Front, serves from 50 to 75 people a week.

Similar health-care centers have been established in the city by the Black Panther Party, Young Patriots Organization (predominantly poor white youths), and Young Lords Organization (Puerto Rican).

—Patrick Murfin

SEATTLE

This is another report from Seattle, a town that is fast becoming a disaster area economically. The Boeing Company — by far the largest employer in the Pacific Northwest — has just announced the layoff of 2200 men in May, 1300 more to be laid off by the end of the year. Boeing in the past has employed close to 100,000 workers, but the cuts in employment this year will reduce that figure to 45,000 — which means also that many businesses will be hurt, as the loss of between 40,000 and 50,000 paychecks would be disastrous in any city. It will hurt not only the Boeing workers who are being laid off, but others from ribbon clerks to shoe salesmen and those behind the food counters, all of whom also stand a good chance of losing their jobs.

It has just been reported that Oregon is having a high rate of unemployment. Somewhat below Washington State, but higher than the national average, which is considered about 5% of the national work force but is very misleading as it doesn't take in the part-time workers, who number several thousand.

Word comes from Washington DC that if and when the troops are brought home from Southeast Asia, none of the \$30,000,000,000 or \$40,000,000,000 of the yearly cost will be used for social services, as the Pentagon has new weapons on the drawing board that will take up all that and more.

There is another face of Seattle that is quite interesting. The Seattle police are all for law and order, except when it involves one of their own men. A case in point is the killing of Larry Ward, a black youth who was suspected of an attempt to bomb a small business. He was running from the place when police showed up, and then stopped. That is when one police officer shot him, on the excuse that he thought he had a gun. But the victim did not.

At the coroner's inquest the jury ruled 3 to 2 that he was killed with criminal intent, but the prosecuting attorney refused to bring charges